

called in this part of the world "Grade Shorthorns." Lord Coventry is recognised as one of the best judges in England of a horse, a foxhound, and a dairy-cow.

*Kerry-cows.*—These little animals have at last arrived at the dignity of having a class to themselves at the Royal. They are making their way in England as pet-cows, and for supplying milk where the land is too poor for larger cows. The charming Kerry, Irisino, from the herd of Martin Sutton of Reading, a portrait of which was given in the March number of this Journal, is an almost perfect specimen or type of the breed. There was good deal in that wonderful accident, La Major, the Rev. abbé Guérin's cow, that reminded me of the Keries. Has La Major left no descendants to perpetuate her dairy-properties? Mr. Whitfield, of Rougemont, imported a bull and a few cows of the Kerry breed some seven years ago. What has become of them? They would be very useful on light, poor soils like Sorel. In exposed situations and on thin soil they are unequalled as dairy-cows; and though small in size, average Kerry cattle fatten readily on good fare, and sell well when fatted. If I remember rightly, the Keries I saw at Rougemont in 1881 were of the *Dexter* variety. These are thicker in the body, shorter in the leg, and much more fleshy than the true Kerry: there has, in fact, been a cross at some time or other, and the Dexter is the fruit of it. In dairy-properties, there is not much to choose between the two sorts. In the classes for dairy-cows in general, a little Kerry, belonging to Mr. James Robertson, of Malahide, near Dublin, was *highly commended*: a great honour, indeed, when one considers that she was competing with milking-shorthorns, Swiss cows, and various cross-breeds! Moreover, the judges qualify the class as "an excellent one"! The first-prize was of course a shorthorn, though unpedigreed.

*Jerseys at the Royal.*—For several years past these beautiful animals have formed a striking feature in the Royal show, and at Newcastle their popularity does not seem to have diminished. There were 101 entries of the breed, and 21 prizes were awarded, of which ten went to English bred cattle, the Island men taking the rest.

The English style of Jersey seems to be of a stouter more robust type than those born in their native place. More like my friend, Mr. Reburn's, I fancy, than those little bags of bones I remember some forty years ago. The climatic conditions under which the one lives are very different from those that govern the abode of the other, and in consequence, the English breeders aim at producing an animal of a hardier character than the *Jersiais* like. A portrait of the original Jersey, such as I recollect her, may be seen at p. 28, June number, 1883, of this Journal. From what I have lately seen of the sales of Jerseys in both England and the States, the prices seem to be getting equalized, a good cow, of satisfactory pedigree, being worth from \$150 to \$180 in either country. The judges, Messrs. Charles Ph. LeCornu and William Ashcroft, append the following rider to their report.

"In concluding this report, we would observe that improvement continues to take place in the general appearance of the breed. Though giving preference to animals showing the fineness of the highest class of Jersey cow, we have not passed over those showing more size and development than is generally met with in their native island, provided always that they did not exhibit coarseness, and had good dairy qualities; whereas, on the other hand, we have passed by weedy animals deficient in stamina." In other words, the judges reward usefulness wherever they met with it, and thereby refused to be bound by that wretched mistake, a list of points drawn up by an irresponsible committee.

*Judges and Stewards at the Royal.*—It may surprise some of my readers to learn that an Earl was Steward of the Live Stock at Newcastle, and another man of title, Sir Fred. Bramwell, F. R. S., consulting engineer on the Trials of Portable Agricultural Steam Engines, at Newcastle. Our men of rank in England are not all born, *fruges consumere*, but many of them know how to cultivate the fruits of the earth as well as how to consume them.

*Horse-shoeing.*—Last year, for the first time, the Royal Agricultural Society of England instituted a competition in horse-shoeing. It is intended to be continued every year, and as the society holds its meetings at such widely removed places as Cardiff, South Wales, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, it is certain that before many years have expired every district in England will have had the opportunity of profiting by the exhibition.

The entries at Newcastle in this novel competition were 42 in number, divided into 4 classes:—1. Agricultural horses; 2. Dray-horses; 3. Hunters; 4. Roadsters. In each of these classes, five prizes were offered, varying from £6 to £1. Of the 42 competitors, 41 actually went to work, the absent one being detained by sickness.

Hunters form a class by themselves for this reason: the shoe of a hunter is liable to more accidents than the shoe of any other sort of horse. He has to gallop over all sorts of soils; stiff, slippery clay to-day, deep boggy land to-morrow, and in the chalk countries, he often has to pass over beds of flints which play the very mischief with his feet. Besides, if he has any tendency to overreach, and the *quarter* of the shoe is left a little long, in a big jump he is very likely to pull the shoe off altogether, and then his rider, if a humane man, loses the rest of his day's sport, unless he has taken the precaution to carry an extra shoe at his saddle-back, and can find a smith handy enough to put it on. Such a thing has happened to me more than once, and an awful sell it was, for of course we were having "the run of the season" when the accident happened. However, there is not much need for hunter-shoeing here, so if we ever start a horse-shoeing competition in this province—and I devoutly hope we shall—the hunters' class can be left out.

The report of the Judges at Newcastle is just what one might expect it to be: many good hammermen, first-rate workmen at the anvil, but utterly ignorant of the anatomy of the horse's foot. They pared, rasped, and burnt the foot too much. Others were the reverse of this, careful of the foot, using neither knife nor hot shoe, but bad hammermen. The great fault seems to have been—what it always has been in my recollection—fitting the foot to the shoe, instead of the shoe to the foot. (1).

As a rule, all over the world, men engaged in this business are very deficient in the knowledge of the situation of the nerves of the foot, and of the object which nature had in view when she provided the inside of the hoof with that ingenious cushion which we call a "frog." They cut away at it as if it were some brute matter, only there by chance, and of no consequence. But in truth it is a most important *buffer*, so to speak, and should be treated with profound respect, and never touched with a knife. Look at it, the next time you take a horse to the forge, and you will see that the horn that covers it is thinner and more delicate than that of any other part of the foot. The first stroke of the knife removes this thin horny covering altogether, and lays bare a surface totally unfitted, from its moist, soft texture, for exposure to the hard ground or the action of the air. In consequence of this ex-

(1) Precisely the way in which A. does when he asks for a shoe No. 8!